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WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 155

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg Va, every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscription, if not paid. No paper will be discontinued, except on the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up; and those who do not close their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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EUROPEAN INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

So far as Know-Nothingism appeals to the public judgment in explanation and vindication of its spirit and purposes, it alleges an undue and dangerous domination of the foreign element in our social system and political administration; and it proposes for its mission, to restore the just preponderance of native influence in creed and race. These ideas, if not developed in any formal and dispassionate vindication of Know-Nothingism—for the champions of this mystical order shrink from the scrutiny of public discussion, are very current in the cant phrases and motives of its followers. In this way, perhaps, they have made some impression on the popular mind; yet, from the slightest investigation, it will appear that they are altogether false and deceptive.

The revelations of the census have corrected many erroneous preconceptions; amongst which was the popular idea of the vast power and resources of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, persons without intelligence and bigoted dispositions, had come to regard the American branch of the Catholic Church with a sort of superstitious awe, which invested the object of their dread with fictitious strength and imaginary terrors. But, when the searching scrutiny of the census exposed to the public gaze the secrets of sanctuary as well as of the workshop, it was discovered that the power of the Catholic Church had been greatly exaggerated, and that, instead of being the vast and overshadowing institution, as represented by ignorant sectaries, it was, in truth, the least, in respect of numbers, of all the Christian denominations. So far from displaying the intolerant and aggressive spirit which an insolent pride of power always engenders in church establishments, the American Catholics are reduced to the necessity—if we give them credit for no better motive of purchasing immunity from assault by a quiet and conciliatory policy. Instead of conspiring the overthrow of religious liberty and freedom of conscience, they cling to these principles as their only security against persecution.

In like manner has the census corrected the prevalent idea of the immense influence of the foreign population of this country. In a discourse before the New York Historical Society, the Rev. Samuel Osgood, a minister of the Protestant faith, in exhibiting the "Provisional relations of the New World to the Old," presented some considerations touching the colonization of this country, and the effect of the mingling of different races and creeds in promoting its prosperity and securing its liberties, which should abate something from the pride, bigotry and selfishness of Know-Nothingism. A few extracts from this remarkable discourse will illustrate its argument and general spirit:

Starting from that point of time, let us trace up to the present year some of the providential relations of America, especially our part of it, to Europe. Begin (said Mr. Osgood) with the most obvious aspect of the subject, and consider the relations of the very soil of America to Europe.—Our country long waited for the race able to use its domain. Says Guyot:

"America looks towards the Old World: all its slopes and its long plains slant to the Atlantic, towards Europe. It seems to wait with open and eager arms the beneficent influence of the man of the Old World. No barrier opposes his progress: the Andes and the Rocky Mountains banished to the other shore of the Continent, will place no obstacle in his path." Thus invited by the very inclination of the land, the European came and took possession of the soil which the red man knew not how to use.

There has been quite a war of words of late about pre-eminence of race, and the terms Celt and Anglo-Saxon have threatened to be the rallying cry of a very noisy feud, while it is very clear that conflicts of rival races have been and still are one of the main sources of national ruin in other lands. Let us rejoice, then, that while the best blood of the strongest race in Europe predominates here, there is such a Providential balance of the elements that no one European caste can tyrannize over another.

Two great classes of men appear in history—the one class impulsive, impassioned, tending strongly to a sensual ritual and a centralized priesthood and empire; more ready to persuade than to reason; to venture than to persevere; yet full of generous feeling, and by very temperament, electric and eloquent; the other class self-poisoned, deliberate, jealous of priestly power and despotism, calculating the end carefully, and slow to yield an inch of their own ground; at once cautious and courageous; fond of comfort, yet ready to starve than beg; suspicious of mere sentiment, and more prone to deeds than words. Of the former class the Celt is the most characteristic specimen, while

the latter, as in most of Ireland, or in the Scotch Highlands, or modified by other races, as in France, Spain and Italy. Of the latter class, the Anglo-Teutonic, or the Anglo-Saxon, if we must retain a common but incorrect word, is the most conspicuous specimen that we can choose from the great Teutonic or Germanic family, to which he belongs. It is he who has given our country most of its character and institutions. The French on the north, with his volatile nature; the Spaniard at the South, with his stern, impassioned zeal were not to rule; and the destinies of North America were to be decided, chiefly by the race that founded Jamestown and Plymouth, and gave language and law to our land.

But mark the interesting fact. Although the Anglo-Saxon was the most conspicuous race, its people have been so various in position and history in our country, as to prevent them playing the tyrant over others by too close consolidation, and thus America had their energy without their domination. They have been balanced also by other branches of the Teutonic family, like the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Germans, and Dutch, who at once confine their general tendencies and check their pride.

So then we remark a providential balance between the races that make up the American nation. A closer view reveals to us some interesting aspects of the two classes who followed the Anglo-Saxon to America—the Irish and the German.—The Irishmen, so closely the Anglo-Saxon's neighbor originally, and the German so nearly his kinsman by common Teutonic blood. The Irishmen, so impulsive as to be sometimes a troublesome citizen, is kept often within a somewhat wholesome control by Church influences, and his impassionate nature is trained to a conservative order, which promises to act as a powerful check upon the ferocious Socialism and Red Republicanism which are invading us through recent migrations from the European continent. There is something remarkable between the Irish and the German immigration, each of which now counts millions on our shores. The German brings to us in the best instances great learning, warm, social feelings, and domestic refinement, yet in far too many cases he is less favorably represented, and the last quarter or half a million that have come over, seem infected with the wildest radicalism. Many of their two three hundred newspaper are gross and incorrect in the extreme. Yet, of our American Germany as a whole, we must say, that it is a great blessing to us, enlarging our wealth by its decided agricultural taste, confirming our freedom by its decided Protestant tendency, balancing the Celtic immigration by its intellectual independence and habitual pursuits, and promising at last to learn the thrift and quicken the artistic taste and social feelings of the Anglo-Saxon.

Now take all these circumstances together, and we have certainly a most interesting view of the European races in America. There is room for them all, and they are so placed as to be natural help and balancers. * * * * *

The foreign element, if fairly understood, is not dangerous, constituting, as it does, but eleven per cent. of our whole free population; and if we add to this proportion of residents of foreign birth, all direct immigrants, the probable number of descendants of immigrants, the proportion will not be doubted. It will be seen how wild the common estimate of our foreign population has been. A little upward of 2,000,000 is the whole number of foreign foreigners, and little upwards of 4,000,000 the whole number of foreigners and their descendants from 1790 to 1850. Von Raumer, some years ago, estimated the German element at 4,000,000 or 5,000,000, and a popular lecturer with a Hibernian tongue, estimated the born Irish at 3,000,000, and their descendants at 1,500,000.

HAS A SCHOOL TEACHER THE RIGHT TO FLOG A PUPIL?—A case involving this question was tried at our September Circuit. Hiram Wood during the last winter taught a Dist. School in the town of Stanford, in this county. Francis Germond, a girl of 17 years of age, was among his scholars. For alleged disobedience, the teacher, with a whip about four feet long, and nearly half an inch in diameter, flogged her so severely that black and blue marks were left on her person for weeks after the occurrence. The defence was that the teacher had a right to resort to this kind of punishment to preserve order. Judge Dean charged the jury that the teacher stood in the place of a parent, and had a right to correct a pupil, but in doing it he must exhibit a parent's feelings. That he had no right to use this privilege to gratify his own feelings of resentment and if he exceeded what was necessary to preserve order, he was liable for assault and battery. He further charged that the means used to preserve order should be adapted to the sex, age and habits of the pupil—what might be necessary and proper in case of a large boy, would be very improper and excessive in the case of a female; and he left it to the jury to say whether any possible circumstances would warrant a man, whether a teacher or not, in laying his hands in violence or anger upon a grown up girl. The jury found a verdict against the teacher for the sum of \$365, which, we think, meets with approval in the whole community.

[Poughkeepsie Tel.

VULGAR TRUISMS.—It is a wonder, when Eve went out walking, what she did without a parasol.

Women are true to one another in all things but babies, and there, it must be confessed, they do flatter each other a little bit.

The "strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

A YANKEE LYRIC.

A domestic drama, in two acts and a half, short metre—being the kind of metre used most by gas companies:

This longing after beauty,
This sighing after curls,
This chasing away her hair,
Wherever fashion whirls,
And all that sort of thing—

May do for those who like them—
For those devoid of taste;
For those who barter diamonds off
For diamonds made of paste,
And other block heads.

But to a wife that truly loves,
Who'd be what she appears,
Who'd spread sunshine around the man
That keeps away her tears,
And bring her tapers home:
We'd whisper softly in her ear,
We'd grave it on her heart,
That knowing well to fry a steak
Beats sentiment and art.

MATED AT LAST;

OR,

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.

BY DALE CANTAB.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Penelope Penrose sat in her comfortable sitting-room with her feet upon the fender. Everything about her looked neat and cheerful. In one corner of the room stood a piano, but it was shut, and had been all day—Penelope had no disposition to play. Why should she? There was no one for her to play to. If, now, she had a husband—

It was now upon this very point that Penelope Penrose was meditating. The fact was, Miss Penelope wanted but six months of being thirty, and thus far, no one had made her a proposal.

It was rather singular that it should be so. Penelope was good looking—had received an excellent education—was skillful in music, had a good temper, and a lively belief, would have made a husband happy. But such things can't be accounted for. She had seen the most unpromising of her companions—even to Miss Henderson, with not an accomplishment in the world, and moreover, a face pitted with small pox, married off in quick succession—and yet there sat, on that cloudy morning in December, a devotee to single blessedness, and likely to remain so.

Was there ever a woman who did not consider a married life preferable to a single one, provided she could get the right companion? I believe not.

To revert to Miss Penelope. In addition to her other specified attractions, she owned the neat cottage which she occupied and a sufficient sum in the funds to give her an income amply sufficient to live upon with comfort and even elegance. Surely, all the beaux must have been blind!

"Something must be done, and that quickly!" said Miss Penelope, as the thoughts of her approaching thirtieth birthday came with startling emphasis to her mind. "Something must be done!"

But what? That is the question. Such is the state of society that woman is hemmed in on all sides. She has not even the privilege of choosing a companion for life, but must wait meekly till some one comes along, and take him or nobody. It's wrong, decidedly wrong.

Miss Penelope was in a suitable state of mind at that moment, to become an out and out advocate of Woman's Rights. Meanwhile it was growing dark, and Penelope rang the bell.

"Sally," said she to her hand-maiden, "you may bring in lights and the evening paper."

The hand-maiden vanished, and presently the articles desired made their appearance.

"That will do, Sally, you may go," Penelope Penrose looked first at the marriages. It was no more than natural; then at the deaths. Finding that none of her acquaintances had committed either one or the other, she turned to the advertisements.

One in particular arrested her attention. We will look over her shoulders as she reads:

"To Housekeepers:—The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of a competent housekeeper, to take charge of his establishment. As he keeps two servants, her chief duty will be to superintend and preside at the table. Early application is desirable.

GREGORY McKIM."

"Gregory McKim!" exclaimed Miss Penelope. "I remember to have heard of him as a bachelor, inheriting a large fortune from his father. I suppose he must be thirty-five by this time. So it seems he wants a housekeeper. I wonder whether supposing I were to apply, just for the joke of the thing, he would give me the situation?"

It was a new idea, and the novelty of it struck Penelope so favorably, especially as she had become heartily tired of her present mode of life, that after a little consideration, she determined to carry out the plan, and if successful in her application, retain the situation for a month or so.

Possibly another thought recommended the adoption of this course, but we must not inquire too particularly into lady's motives.

The next morning at an early hour, Miss Penelope summoned her hand-maiden.

"Sally," said she, "I am thinking of going out of town for a month or so, and during that time shall close up the house. If you have friends that you would like to visit you are at liberty to do so. Your wages, however, will be continued as before, and you will let me know where you go, in order that I may call upon you if I should return unexpectedly."

This proposal suited very well with Sally's inclinations, as will readily be believed, and though she was at a loss to conceive what had all at once sent such a home-body as her mistress on a travelling expedition, she was very well disposed to take advantage of it.

Eleven o'clock found Miss Penelope in the cars flying with that speed could impart towards her destination.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Gregory McKim, as our readers have already been informed, was a bachelor of thirty-five. Inheriting a large fortune from his father, it was a matter of no little wonderment to his numerous friends, that he called no one to his side to share it. But Gregory was one of those easy men that never take the trouble to go after anything. If it is within the reach, well and good—otherwise the exertion was too great, and he lived it a bore. He seemed content to live on, as he had ever lived—in single blessedness—quite ignoring the greater blessings of matrimony.

It was after dinner, and as was his wont, he was leaning back in his rocking-chair plunged into the peculiarly pleasing state of dreaminess superinduced by a choice Havana, when the bell was heard to ring.

"Plague take it!" said he, rousing himself unwillingly. "Some visitor. I wish they would choose a better time."

"A lady," announced the servant, throwing the door wide open, and ushering in Miss Penelope Penrose.

"Your servant, madam," said Gregory, bowing. "Most happy to see you. Pray be seated."

"This is Mr. McKim, if I mistake not?" said the lady.

"The same, at your service."

"I noticed a-a-an advertisement of yours in the paper."

"Ah, yes! for a housekeeper. Can you recommend one?"

"I have come to offer myself for the situation. Being an interested party," said Miss Penelope, smiling lightly, "perhaps it would be as well not to recommend myself very highly."

"Oh—ah—ahem! Have you ever served in that capacity before?" said Mr. McKim, a little embarrassed.

"No, I cannot say that I have. I believe, however, that I am acquainted with the duties which would devolve upon me."

"As I believe I stated in the advertisement, your chief duty would be that of superintendence, and presiding at my table. As I keep two other servants, they would be sufficient for all other household duties. What are your terms?"

"That point is quite immaterial with me," said Miss Penelope, a little amused at the novelty of her situation.

"Shall I say four dollars a week?—Will that content you?"

"Perfectly. It is quite liberal. One thing I should like to stipulate. As unforeseen circumstances may arise to change my plans, I should prefer to engage at first for but four weeks."

"As you please. When will you be in readiness to come?"

"At once. As soon, at least, as I have found means to convey my trunk hither."

"Where have you left it?"

"At the hotel."

"Do not trouble yourself about it, I will send for it immediately. Oh, I had quite forgotten one thing—your name?"

Penelope had not provided herself for this. To give her own name was a thing she hardly ventured upon. After a short pause she said—

"You may call me Julia Malcom."

"Miss, I presume?" said Mr. McKim.

"Yes," said Penelope, blushing slightly.

In two hours from that time Miss Penelope's trunk arrived, the keys were put into her hands, and the servants introduced to their new mistress.

We may then consider her fairly installed in her new office. Let us see how she finds it.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. McKim's establishment was a large one. Being situated but a few miles out of the city, in a delightful neighborhood, many visitors were drawn to it in the summer season. Sometimes, half a dozen at a time were visiting it.

Miss Penelope Penrose was well qualified to preside at the table, having always been accustomed to do so at her own. She did so with a mingled grace and elegance that McKim was as much surprised as delighted. Still further, her education qualified her to mingle in the conversation with a degree of intelligence which betrayed that she was very well read. This qualification so rare in a housekeeper, pleased Mr. McKim not a little, and arrested the attention of his guests.

"Certainly, McKim," said a friend, "you have a paragon of a housekeeper. Where in the world did you pick her up?"

"One of the advantages of advertising, my dear fellow."

"Then hereafter I shall always believe in it. You must take care, McKim, or some of these days, you will marry her, and faith, I should not much blame you if you did."

"It seems to me from your enthusiasm that you are much more likely to get caught," retorted his friend.

The company were sitting in the parlor on a tranquil summer's evening. The lights had been removed on account of the mosquitoes which they would be likely to attract. Conversation had gradually ceased, and a feeling of quiet, such as is apt to come over the mind at such a season, had stolen upon all.

"How pleasant it is," said one of the company "to sit here in the quiet moon-

light. But one thing is wanting to complete the enchantment."

"And that is—"

"Music."

"I was just thinking of it," said McKim, "and wishing we had some one present who could play. Gentlemen, are any of you so fortunate as to be gifted that way?"

The answer was a general negative.

"Perhaps," interposed the housekeeper, quietly, "idea of a better, you would wish to hear me play."

"What, Miss Malcom, do you play?" asked McKim in surprise.

"A little."

"Then you will confer a great favor by giving us a specimen of your skill."

Miss Penelope was an accomplished musician, having cultivated assiduously her natural talent, which was very considerable. In addition to this she sang tolerably well.

Without further ado, she proceeded to the piano and played with her accustomed execution a variety of pieces, some of them of a very difficult character.

Then pausing a moment, she accompanied herself on the instrument with the words of a popular song, after which she arose and left the piano.

The company were completely taken by surprise, and this circumstance added to the quiet of the hour which rendered them more than usually qualified to appreciate and enjoy good music, and led them perhaps to overrate the skill and ability of the musician.

Warm encomiums and flattering compliments were lavished upon the singer, who received them with due modesty, and shortly afterwards retired.

After this, Penelope's musical talents, as may readily be judged, were frequently called in requisition.

It was about a fortnight after this occurrence, when Penelope, who had left directions to forward letters with a friend who was in the secret, received a letter informing her that her sister who had been abroad was expected daily, and would probably proceed at once at her residence.

This made her immediate departure imperative, and so she informed McKim.

"Leave me?" said McKim, in a troubled tone. "You are not dissatisfied, I trust."

"Not at all. But my sister's presence will render it necessary."

"And will you not return?"

"I do not think I shall be able, as my sister will probably wish me to remain with her."

Mr. McKim paced the room in some perturbation, and then suddenly drew up a chair and sat down by Penelope.

"I do not think I can give you up," said he, "and I have, therefore, another proposal to make. If you will not stay with me as a housekeeper, will you as a wife?"

"This is so—so unexpected," murmured Penelope.

"Let me make an explanation first, and then you shall be at liberty to do as you please. Know that I am possessed of an independent fortune, and merely assumed the post of housekeeper to gratify a whim of my own, and that the time, four weeks, for which I had resolved to keep up the disguise, has past. Moreover my name is not Julia Malcom, but Penelope Penrose."

This explanation only made Mr. McKim press his suit more vehemently, and—in short, it was only a month from that time that our heroine promised to become a "house-keeper for life."

"Breeches of faith," screamed Mrs. Partington, as she heard the term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice.

"Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard tell of 'cloaks of hypocrisy,' and 'robes of purity,' but I never heard of 'breeches of faith' before. I hope they're made of something that won't change or wear out, as old Deacon Gudgeon's faith did, for his was always changing. He went from believing that nobody would be saved, to believing that all would be, and at last turned out phenologist, and didn't believe nothing. I wonder if it is as strong as cassimere?" and she bit off her thread and prepared a needle-fall.

AMERICAN PEARL FISHERY.—A company has been formed in Wilmington, Delaware, for the purpose of pursuing the pearl fishing in South America. They have purchased a vessel named the Emily Fanning, which is now being fitted up for the purpose. The fishing is to be conducted upon a different principle from that pursued with treasure divers; diving bells being built to accomplish greater results by machines than is now done by human fishers. It is to be hoped that this American enterprise will prove eminently successful.—Scientific American.

"How do do, Printer, I want a Sunday School banner printed, we're going to have a tarin' time 4th of July Sunday School Celebration."

"So they ought. What will you have printed on it?"

"Wall, I don't know, we ort to have a text of Scripser on it for a motto."

"That is a very good idea, what shall it be?"

"Why, I thought this would be as good as any—'Be shuer you're right then go ahead.'—[Mansfield Herald.]

A SQUADRON TO GREETOW.—A despatch from Washington says that it has been determined by the administration that the raze Independence, Com. Martin, now lying in New York harbor nearly ready to sail, shall go to San Juan del Nicaragua, by way of making a decided manifestation against the British Mosquito protectorate. She will be accompanied there by one steamer at least.

Never do evil that good may follow.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE THROUGH THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

We publish the annexed extract of a letter received a few days since, from an old friend, whose explorations in different parts of California have greatly assisted in developing her immense resources.—Should this subterranean passage prove as practicable for a railroad route as our correspondent anticipates, the whole subject will receive an impetus scarcely dreamed of by the most ardent imagination.—*Mariposa Chronicle.*

"Having heard Maj. S. speak of a very large and long cave that was some where near the head of the Yosemite Valley—and as the mammoth caves at Marble Springs, formed in the immense ledge that traverses the gold region of California, are more or less connected by fissures, it occurred to me that there might be a subterranean pass through the Sierra. The hostility of the Indians prevented my acting upon the idea at that time, but it was not forgotten."

I had observed, while out against the Indians in '51, that some Indians were pursuing disappeared at or near a certain point at the head of the valley, and although we examined every rock and bush in the vicinity, we were unable to obtain any clue to their hiding place. On our return from the expedition, the cave was mentioned to me incidentally, and I at once concluded that it was the secret haunt of the Indians. I accordingly directed my attention to this point. After having searched for three days without the slightest prospect of success attending our efforts, I resolved to adopt another plan. But accident, or fortune accomplished what no plan could have done.—Clambering among the mill-dewed and mossy rocks at the base of the lofty cliff, I had become so dusty that it was necessary I should bathe. The idea of taking a shower-bath struck my fancy, and I at once repaired to the fall, which exceeds in height the celebrated fall of the Himalaya. Ordinarily, one cannot approach nearer than one hundred yards of the falling spray, or mist that hovers over, and around the cauldron; but at this time there was a strong breeze blowing up the valley, sweeping aside the mist that hitherto had prevented my nearer approach. I was about divesting myself of my garments, when a gust of wind, stronger than any that had preceded it, exposed to my astonished and joyful sight the long sought cave. My ablutions were forgotten. I hurried back to my party and made known the wonderful and fortunate discovery.—The rest of the day was devoted to the preparation of torches; and on the following morning, after a hearty breakfast, we commenced our exploration of the cave. We had no difficulty in entering it although we were thoroughly drenched by the sheet of water, back of which, protected by shelving rocks, was an open space leading to the cave. I have not the language to describe the feeling of awe with which I was struck upon entering the portals of this grand and glowing structure, made by no mortal hands. All that I had read of in boyish romance; all that a vivid and erratic imagination had conceived of a subterranean world, was tame and commonplace compared with this sublimely stupendous work of nature. But to proceed.

With lighted torches we cautiously commenced our march, admiring the giant stalactites that reflected in myriad rays the light from our torches. We had proceeded but a short distance when we observed what appeared to be a trail worn in the rock. We at once decided to follow it. We had gone but a short distance when, passing through a bed of dust, we discovered Indian tracks recently formed. We were at first startled at this discovery; but, after a little reflection, we decided that in such a place tracks would remain apparently fresh for years—and then, after our fears had subsided, we were encouraged with the idea that the tracks would facilitate our exploration. We were correct in our supposition; for, had we not followed the trail made by the Indians, we would have been left in more than Egyptian darkness. But I anticipate. Accordingly we followed on, cheered by the hope of soon emerging into the broad glare of day. Of one thing we were assured, viz: that there was an inlet as well as an outlet, for a strong current of air was meeting us, and our torches burned bright and rapidly—too rapidly for our stock of fat pine, which was diminishing very fast. I thought of sending Mike back for a fresh supply, when, turning a sharp angle of the passage, we met face to face, two tall and manly looking Indians. Language cannot express the astonishment and rage that was depicted on their countenances upon beholding us, and had it been in their power we would have been doomed to inevitable destruction. But after a while I ascertained that one of them spoke a little Spanish, and with some difficulty I made him understand that we had been directed through the mysterious passage by the Great Spirit. They then told me in broken Spanish that we were scarcely half way through the pass—that a little further on was an immense chasm, but that it was bridged with logs, (which we found petrified)—that there were other passages that led into lakes and rivers, but without any known outlet. They said that this pass was only known to their tribe and ourselves. It had been mentioned to Major S., but had never been shown him; that they were the great medicine men of their tribe, and were returning from a visit to the white tribe at the eastern end of the torches, bid us good bye, and departed. We congratulated each other on our good fortune, and continued our march in high spirits. We found the chasm a yawning abyss, into which had been thrown a few victims of savage cruelty; for, at the bottom, by the aid of a torch thrown down, we discovered the bones of a human

frames. We found nothing more to obstruct our passage, except a few massive boulders, which we, however, passed, and on the morning of the fourth day, we entered the village of the White Indians.

FARMS IMPROVED BY KEEPING SHEEP.

Sheep husbandry has been found not only profitable from its legitimate results, but from its tendency to improve and enrich the land for all agricultural purposes. It does this by the consumption of food refused by other animals—turning waste vegetation to use, and giving rough and busy pastures a smoother appearance—as well as by the manufacture of considerable quantities of valuable manure. No grazing farm should be without at least a small flock of sheep—for it has been found that as large a number of cattle and horses can be kept with as without them, and without any injury to the value of the farm for other purposes. We say a small flock, and perhaps six or eight to each cow or horse would be the proper number. Upon this point (and others also) perhaps some of our readers will give the suggestions of their own experience.

For rough and rocky farms sheep husbandry is well calculated, both from its succeeding better than any thing else, and its improvement of the land by eradicating weeds and bushes, so that good grasses and white clover may take their place.—This is conclusively shown by the farm of Rich. S. Fay, of Lynn, Mass., an account of which we find in the Boston Cultivator of June 28. Mr. F. has several hundred acres of land, most of it rocky and uneven, and but a few years since covered with bushes, briars and wood wax. The latter plant is one of very difficult eradication, and on land inaccessable to the plough is commonly left in unproductive possession. It came from the garden at first, but being a hardy perennial, has spread over wide tracts of country.

"On this land," says Mr. Howard, "Mr. F. commenced keeping sheep in 1832, and now has about three thousand pasturing on two hundred acres. That we might see exactly what the sheep have done, Mr. Fay first showed us land that is still in the condition it was when he first purchased it—a hundred acres of which would not afford a living for a cow—and next that on which the sheep are grazing for the third year. The contrast was striking. On the parts most closely fed, the wild roses, blackberry and whortleberry bushes, and wood wax are almost entirely killed, and there is a very good sward of blue grass, red top and white clover.—There is no longer a question that the sheep will bring the whole tract into good pasture, thus enabling the owner to derive a handsome income from land which was before totally unprofitable; the sheep, also, have thriven well."

In a letter to Mr. H., Mr. Fay gives some further account of his management. His sheep are folded at night on account of the attacks of dogs, a boy thirteen years old having taken the entire charge of them the past summer—and he thinks dogs might be profitably employed to assist in the operation. Any dog can be accustomed to attend and drive sheep, and to keep off other dogs. His sheep are all kept under cover during the winter, he having a large barn with cellar underneath to receive the manure, and a yard attached with sheds and racks, where they can move about and be fed in